

# Mlle. Genee Tells How To Do A Descriptive Dance

In this article, which Mlle. Genee, the Danish dancer, who has captivated New York, prepared exclusively for The EVENING WORLD, she tells how her great character dance, "The Hunt"—the most difficult and attractive, perhaps, in her repertoire—is done.

By Mlle. Genee.

**D**ANCING develops the imagination to a greater extent than almost any other art.

The painter or the sculptor can transcribe his emotions or his ideals exactly through the medium of his art. Modern music has become almost as accurate and realistic in describing everything from nature sounds to the most complicated emotion.

But the dancer has only nimble toes and a supple body to work with in depicting a scene or a feeling of the heart, and consequently has to put all her intelligence into her work in order to convey her meaning to the public.

A good dancer must be a close observer of life, for one cannot draw on one's imagination for the details which go to show a public exactly what is passing in the dancer's mind.

In the hunting dance, in the last of "The Soul Kiss," I try to portray the chase after the fox, beginning with the meet, the caroling of the horses, the start, jumping the edges and finally the capture of the brush. I have to dance as the horse rider at the same time and depict the exhilaration of the rider as well as the nimbleness of the animal.

The art of descriptive dancing is to minutely to portray each occurrence or give what might be called a "miniature" of the thing that is supposedly happening, but to create the illusion without destroying the poetry

of the dance by too much realism.

A two-footed mortal trying to accurately describe the movement of a four-footed horse would look both ugly and ridiculous. And above all things the dancer must never be

either of these.

In the hunting dance, therefore, it is necessary first to get the sensation of the horse cantering, and then to describe that movement, transformed into a dance movement and set to the rhythm of the accompanying music.

A dancer giving an accurate imitation of a horse and rider jumping a hurdle would be anything but graceful, and yet when seen the jumping horse and good rider are grace personified.

And nothing is so exhilarating as to sit on a good hunter and take a hurdle in perfect unison with your mount. In the dance I try to give the sensation of the jump, and the only bit of realism is the swaying of the body into position after the jump



has been accomplished, which is what I have observed and felt when taking the bar on a horse.

It is the additions of little bits of observation like this, combined with the vivid imagination, that make up a descriptive dance. In other words, it is realism conventionalized to the dance step and never going beyond the bounds of grace or beauty or overshadowing the personality of the dancer.

The descriptive dance needs more concentration of mind on the work than the ordinary fancy step dancing, because not only must all the details be remembered and the various steps executed in time, but the dancer must keep her mind on the succession of

imaginary events she is trying to describe through the medium of the dance, and her facial expression, which is one of her greatest aids in acquainting the public with the passing picture, must vary as that does.

If she stops thinking of her subject for a moment the expression of the face will die out and the public lose the thread of the story. For, after all, the descriptive dance is merely a story told by means of the feet, the body and the face and, like the story-teller whose mind wanders, she loses her point if she forgets the subject of her dance for an instant.

# THE MERRY WIDOW

By Albert Payson Terhune

A Serial Romance Founded on the Viennese Operetta.



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CHAPTER I.

The Girl With the Millions

THE Widow just now is the Queen of our diplomatic chess-board," sighed the Marsoviaan ambassador's pretty wife. "She will be there to-night. My husband is hanging over the banisters watching for her."

"But what reason?"

"Oh, he has exactly twenty million reasons for."

"I don't understand," murmured M. Joldon.

"No? Then you are probably the only bachelor in Paris who doesn't. She is the daughter of a poor Marsoviaan farmer. No dowry but her beauty. An enormously rich old banker named Sadova—wealthiest man in Marsovia—fell in love with her, married her and did her the exquisitely graceful favor of dying a week later. She inherited his whole fortune—\$20,000,000."

"And now, I suppose she has come to Paris to spend it?"

"Oh, the money is safe enough for the present. I believe, in the Bank of Marsovia. But my husband wants it to stay there. So does the Marsoviaan government. Ours is not a rich country, Mr. Joldon. That's why a new white hair appears in my worthy husband's head every time one of your Parisian ladykillers makes love to her. It's all absurdly simple."

"Well," laughed M. Joldon, "his hair doesn't turn white on my account. I'll be the one Frenchman who won't make love to Madame Sadova."

"But you must."

"You must marry her, at any rate."

"Are you mad, Natalie? Or is she?"

"It is no joke. And I'm not mad. I've thought it all out."

The Ambassador's wife glanced nervously about her. She and M. Joldon were ensconced in an alcove of the salon. It was the night of the Embassy ball. From the adjoining ballroom came the strains of a waltz and the soft gliding of hundreds of dancing feet. Guests were passing and repassing along the great hallway and broad stairs at the rear of the salon. But for the moment the two had the room to themselves.

"Listen," she said. "My husband suspects nothing thus far, but he is certain in time, unless—"

"Unless I divert his thoughts by marrying some one else? I can't, and you know I can't. For I—"

"Hush! You mustn't say that. I am a dutiful wife. And—what are you doing?"

She quivered, as she snatched up her fan from the table. With the pencil that dangled from his dancing card M. Joldon scribbled three words on one of the ivory sticks of the fan, then handed it to his hostess.

Natalie, with a little catch in her breath, slowly read the words aloud: "I love—"

"Why did you write this?" she asked. "Because you forbade me to say it," he retorted.

"Tell His Excellency I have come back," broke in a voice at the door. As a servant hurried off with the message the speaker waddled into the room. He was a stout, ungainly little man, clad in the quaint national costume of Marsovia. Bald of head, popping of eye and with abnormally long, curly mustaches, his was a personality to excite laughter in a mummy.

The newcomer was Nish, messenger and clerk of the Embassy. At his approach Natalie and M. Joldon slipped away to the ballroom. A moment later a tall, lean, fussy man with hooked nose and mincing gait trotted down the stairway and into the salon.

"Well, Mr. Nish," he asked peevishly. "Did you find Prince Danilo at home?"

"No, Your Excellency," faltered the little man. "He—"

"Did you go so far, as I told you, to the American bar at—?"

"Yes, sir. But he was not at home there to-night."

"Odd! He's usually very much at home there, I'm told. So you failed in your mission? You couldn't find him?"

"Oh, yes, Your Excellency, I found him. That is to say, I—"

"Oh, you found him at last? That's better. Where?"

"At Maxim's, Your—"

ber of bottles and—"

"Was he sober?"

"Not distressingly so, Your Excellency. In fact, if I may—"

"Did you give him my message? Did you tell him?"

"I gave it word for word, sir. I told him his country was calling for him, and that Your Excellency desired his immediate presence at the Embassy."

"Well? What was his answer?"

"He said: 'Give my country my regards and tell it to go to!'"

"Where?" snapped Popoff, as Nish gazed in embarrassment.

"I'd—rather not say, sir. No place I'm at all familiar with."

"Oh, the ingrate!" wailed Popoff. "The ingrate! Here he has been employed at the Embassy all these months and I've winked at his loafing and his dissipation, and the very first minute I really need him, he refuses to come."

"Oh, no, Your Excellency!" pleaded Nish. "Scarcely as bad as all that. If I may say so! Not 'refused,' exactly. He will come. At least, he promised to."

"Ah! that lifts a load from my brain! If he promised he'll come. Diplomatically speaking, Prince Danilo's word is as good as his bond."

"Diplomatically speaking, Your Excellency," affirmed Nish, "he agrees to be here as soon as he has finished the maximum of champagne that was in the glass beside him when I left."

"How much of it was gone?"

"How much of it was gone?"



Prince Danilo and the Widow in "Waltz" Costume.

tered out of the room as fast as his somewhat stumpy old legs would carry him, and the voluble Nish ran along in his wake.

A commotion swept through the scattered groups in the foyer; a murmur, a rustle, a whisper that resolved itself at last into the excited phrase:

"The Widow has arrived!" "Twenty millions and unnumbered!" "Widow of Sadova, the animated money bag!"

"A Monte Cristo fortune for some lucky man!" "Her name is Sonia Sadova—twenty millions—red hair, too—but a beauty!" "Twenty millions!" "The Merry Widow!"

Down the stairway from the dressing-rooms and into the salon, swept a woman—young, beautiful, vivacious. A light of mischief danced in her great dark eyes. Her masses of auburn hair shone like an aureole above her rather pale, delicate face. About her hovered a half score of gallants, all vying for a word, a look, from the beauty (and fortune) of the Paris season.

Two men—the Marquis of Cascauda and the Count de St. Bruck—were lucky enough to claim for a moment or two her attention.

"No, no!" Sonia was saying in protest. "At home, in Marsovia, men don't make such pretty speeches. Courtship there is very primitive and marriage is for life. When a man makes love to another's wife—he is promptly shot. When a wife flirts her husband beats her black and blue."

A good plan. Why not try it in Paris?" "Excellent!" exclaimed Cascauda. "You know, madame, we have been waiting the moments until you appeared."

"I can well believe it," assented Sonia. "It must have been just like counting money."

"Oh, madame!" protested the group, horrified.

"Don't I know?" retorted Sonia, a

little bitterly. "It's always like that. People count me like so much money. If it is coarse for me to say so, remember I'm a farmer's daughter, and that in my country people call a spade a spade."

Popoff and Natalie came hurriedly in to pay their respects to the guest upon whom Marsovia's hopes so depended. At a sign from the Ambassador the others drew back.

"So you were shocking some of our Paris gallants?" beamed the Ambassador. "What a child of nature you are!"

"You mean," countered Sonia, "that I am a peasant dressed up. How I wish sometimes that I were a real peasant again!"

"Ah!" chuckled Popoff. "Child of nature! True child of nature! Always remembering the dear old days on the farm—the bleating of the pigs, the new-laid milk, the tomatoes freshly dug up, and all the simple joys of the country! But I want you to meet to-night some of our Marsovia nobility. For instance, Prince Danilo. A charming young fellow. He'll be here presently. Danilo!"

But the mischief had died out of Sonia's eyes. Her face was paler than its wont, and there was a stern look as of pain about the daintily chiselled mouth.

"I have already met Prince Danilo," she said, curtly.

"Really?" cried Popoff. Then, noting her change of expression, he added, with apprehension:

"I hope it was not on one of his wild days. A charming, lovable youngster, in spite of his!"

"I am not interested in hearing about him," broke in Sonia, in a curiously level, emotionless voice. "It was long ago that we met. He will have forgotten me. Even as—as I have forgotten him. Let us talk of something else, please."

Even Popoff could see something was seriously amiss.

(To Be Continued.)

# BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

He Has No Girl Friends.

Dear Betty:

AM a Southern boy and have been in New York City for some time now and haven't been able to meet many girls. I hold a good position and have met quite a number of boys, but no girls. How can I become acquainted with some nice girls?

The boys probably have some sisters whom you can ask to be introduced.

Does He Love Her?

Dear Betty:

AM in love with a young man my age and a friend of mine asked him if he liked me and he answered her no. He told another friend of mine that the girl who told me that story was a trouble maker. Do you think he said he did not like me and do you think he loves me? What can

I do to make him like me? C. C. H.

Don't pay any attention to what the girl told you. I can't tell whether the man loves you or not. Don't appear too eager for his love, for if he thinks you are his for the asking he will lose interest in you.

He Is Not Too Young.

Dear Betty:

AM twenty and deeply in love with a young man two months my junior. Would it be proper for me to marry a man younger than myself, as he has already asked me to be his life partner?

He seems to be deeply in love with me and calls five times a week. He sends me all kinds of presents and I should hate to give him up.

He is not too young for you. The disparity in your ages is not great enough to be an obstacle to a happy marriage.